Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reseruation to be followed
With such a number, what, must I come to you
With fiue and twenty, *Regan*, said you so?
Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do seeme well-fauour'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst,
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty, ten, or fiue,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Haue a command to tend you?
Regan. What needs one?
Lear. O reason not the deed, our baseſt beggers
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needs,
Mans life's as cheap as beasts; thou art a Lady,
If onely to go warme were gorgious,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgious weareſt,
Which scarsely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not too much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Staine my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall——I will do such things,
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth; you thinke ile weepe,
No, ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,
But this heart shall breake in a thousand flowes

Ere ile weepe; ô foole, I shall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Gloceſter, Kent, and Foole

Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man and his people,
Cannot be well bestowed.
Gon. Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Duke. So am I purpos'd, where is my Lord of *Gloceſter*?

Enter Gloceſter.

Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whether.
Reg. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himselfe.
Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.
Glo. Alacke, the night comes on, and the bleake windes
Do sorely russell, for many miles about there's not a bush.
Reg. O sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselues procure,
Must be their schoole-masters, shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abused, wisedome bids feare.
Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wilde night,
My *Regan* counsels well, come out ath storme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at seuerall doores.

Kent. What's heere beside foule weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.
Kent. I know you, where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Element,
Bids the winde blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters boue the maine,
That things might change or cease, teares his white haire,
Which the impetuous blasts with eieleſſe rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of man to out-scorne,